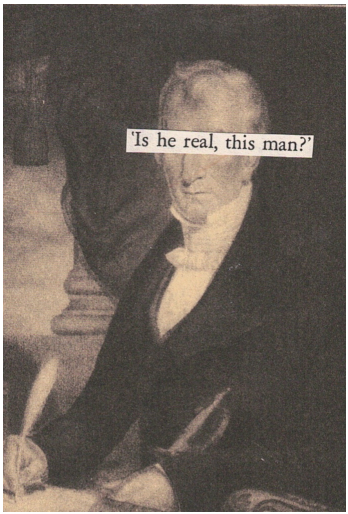
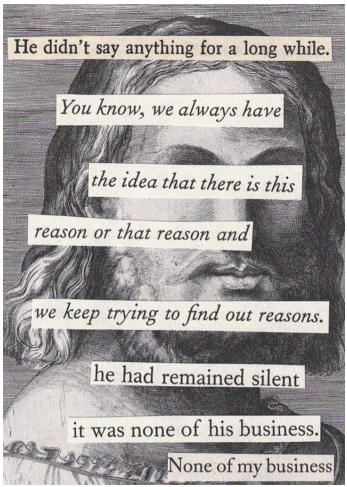
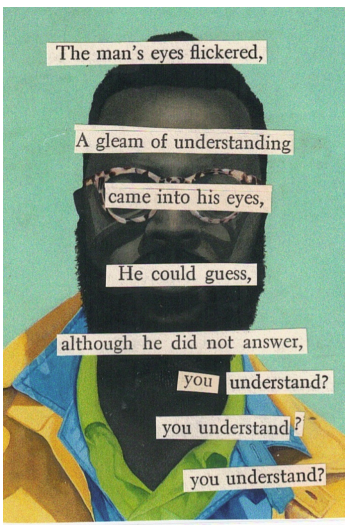
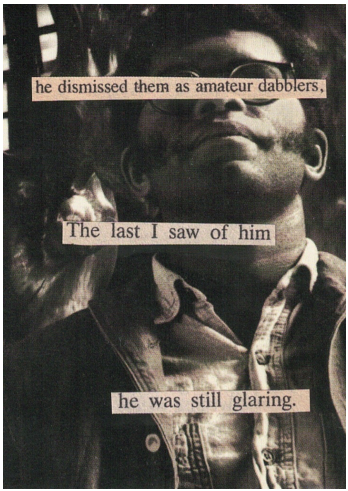


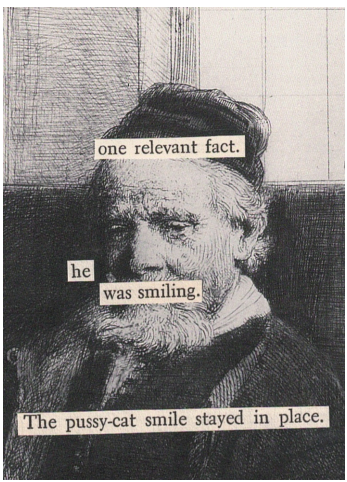
“is he real, this man?”

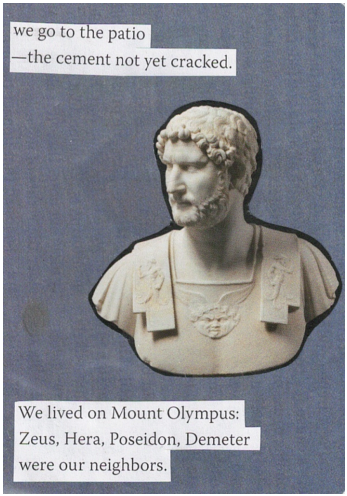
miniature collages
murphyao ink
chicago
2026

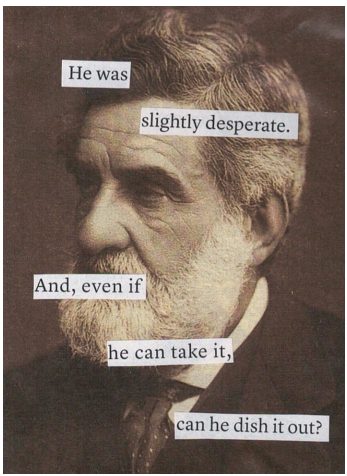

He didn't say anything for a long while.
You know, we always have
the idea that there is this
reason or that reason and
we keep trying to find out reasons.
he had remained silent
it was none of his business.
None of my business

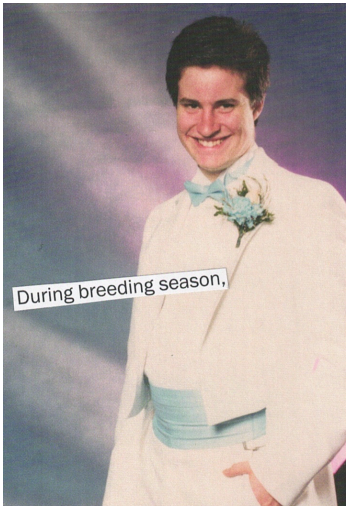

The man's eyes flickered,
A gleam of understanding
came into his eyes,
He could guess,
although he did not answer,
you understand?
you understand?
you understand?

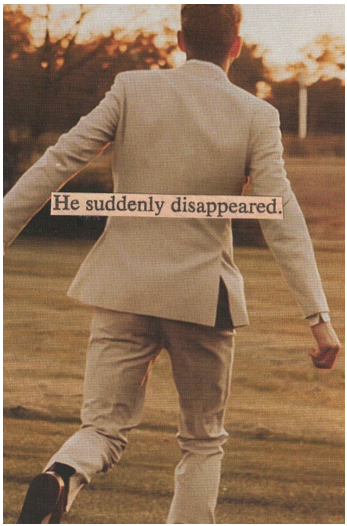

he dismissed them as amateur dabblers.
The last I saw of him
he was still glaring.


one relevant fact.
he
was smiling.
The pussy-cat smile stayed in place.

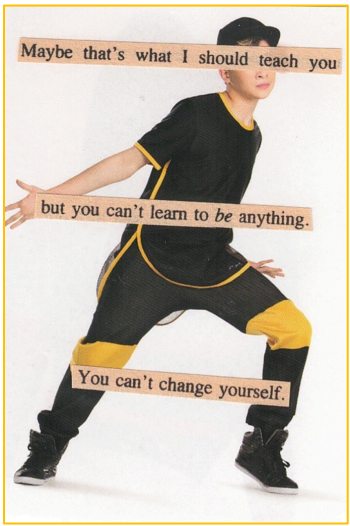

we go to the patio
—the cement not yet cracked.
We lived on Mount Olympus:
Zeus, Hera, Poseidon, Demeter
were our neighbors.

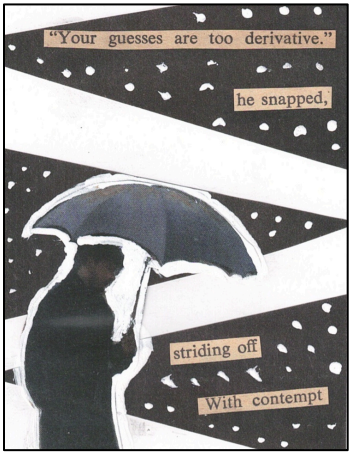

He was
slightly desperate.
And, even if
he can take it,
can he dish it out?

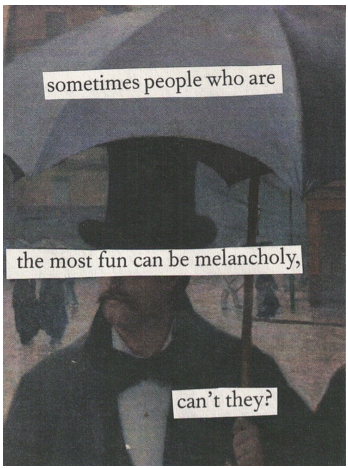

During breeding season,

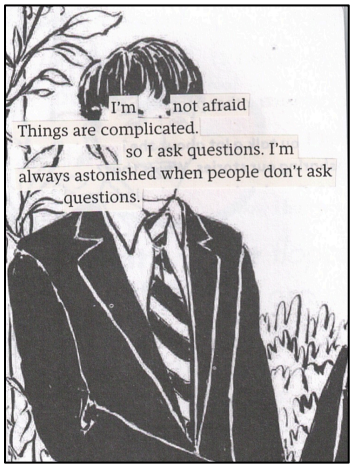

He suddenly disappeared.

his wife was trying
to poison him
but he didn't
seem to mind.
He said
it made life kind of exciting.

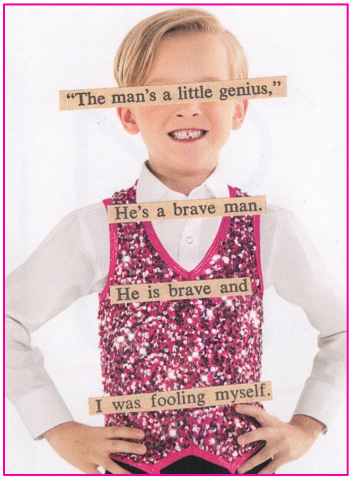

Maybe that's what I should teach you
but you can't learn to *be* anything.
You can't change yourself.

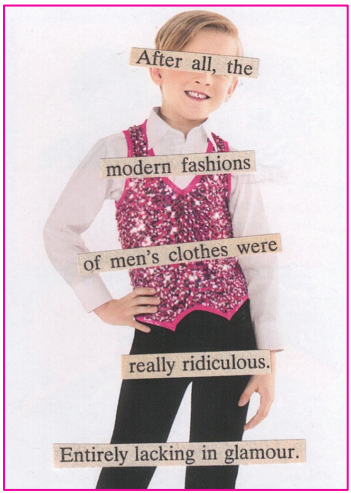

"Your guesses are too derivative."
he snapped,
striding off
With contempt

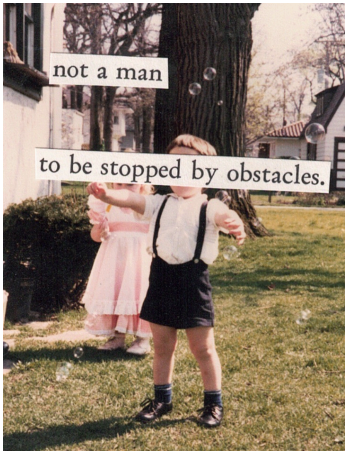

sometimes people who are
the most fun can be melancholy,
can't they?

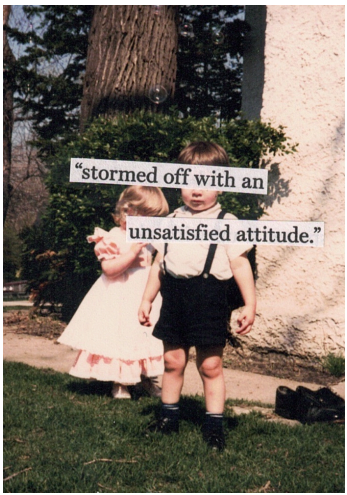

I'm not afraid
Things are complicated.
so I ask questions. I'm
always astonished when people don't ask
questions.

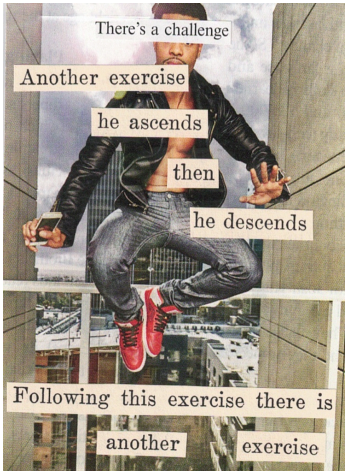
"Don't be absurd," I whispered.

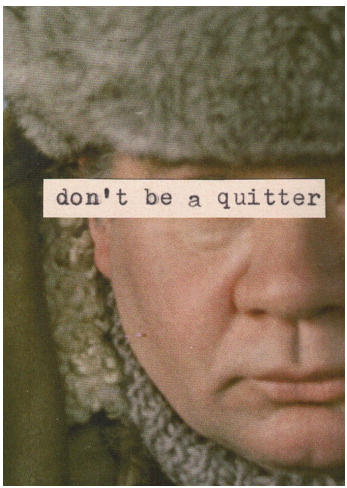

"The man's a little genius,"
He's a brave man.
He is brave and
I was fooling myself.

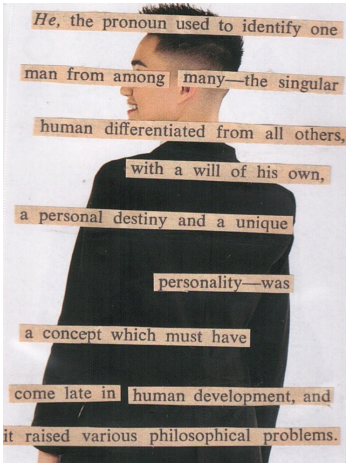

After all, the
modern fashions
of men's clothes were
really ridiculous.
Entirely lacking in glamour.

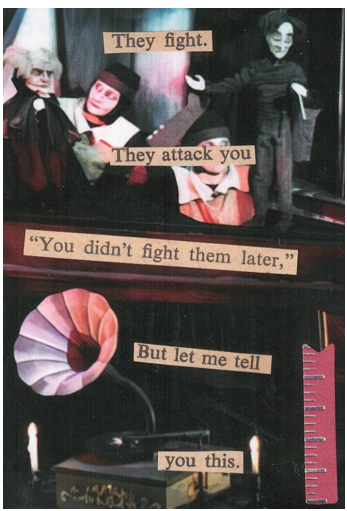

not a man
to be stopped by obstacles.

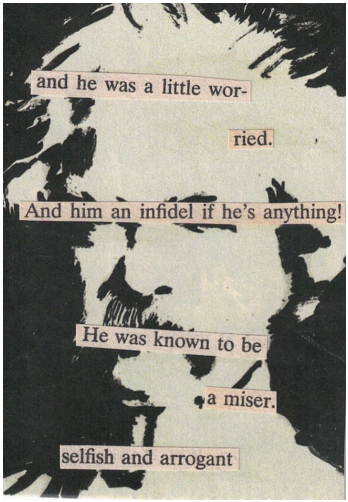

"stormed off with an
unsatisfied attitude."

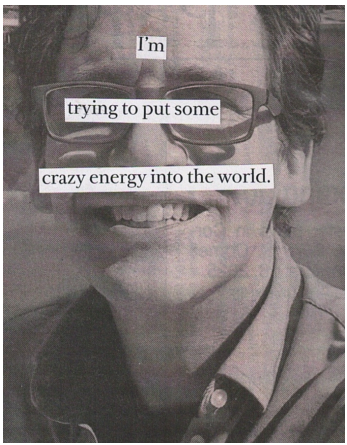

There's a challenge
Another exercise
he ascends
then
he descends
Following this exercise there is
another
exercise

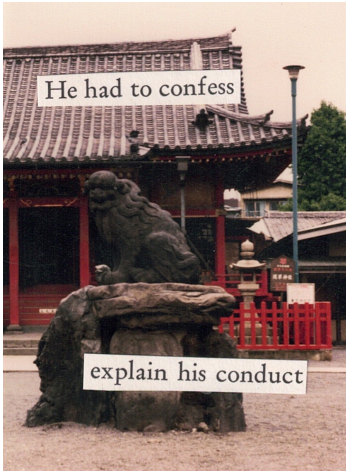

don't be a quitter

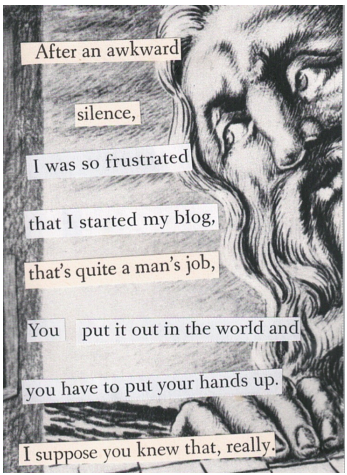

He, the pronoun used to identify one
man from among many—the singular
human differentiated from all others,
with a will of his own,
a personal destiny and a unique
personality—was
a concept which must have
come late in human development, and
it raised various philosophical problems.

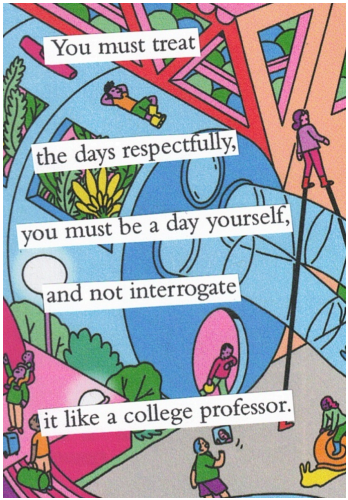

They fight.
They attack you
"You didn't fight them later,"
But let me tell
you this.


and he was a little wor-
ried.
And him an infidel if he's anything!
He was known to be
a miser.
selfish and arrogant

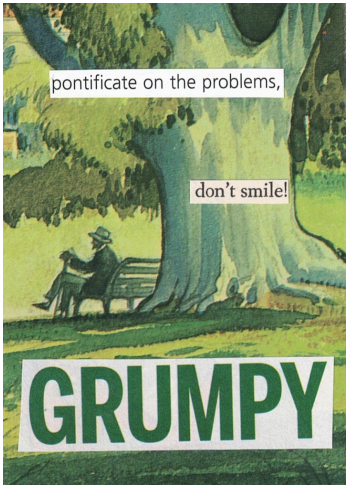

I'm
trying to put some
crazy energy into the world.

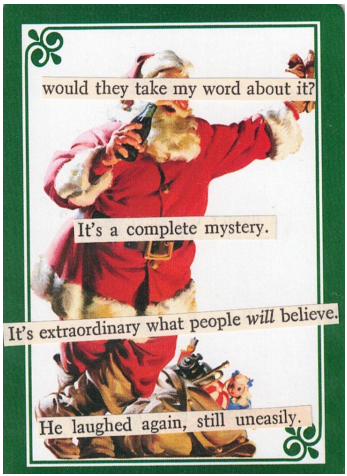

He had to confess
explain his conduct

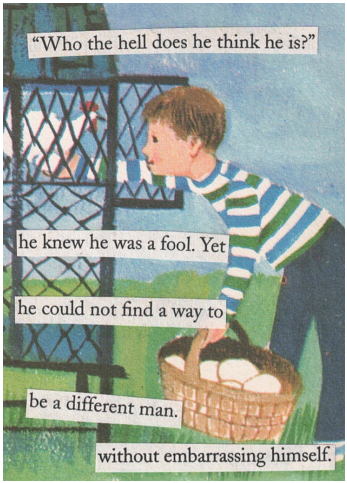

After an awkward
silence,
I was so frustrated
that I started my blog,
that's quite a man's job,
You put it out in the world and
you have to put your hands up.
I suppose you knew that, really.

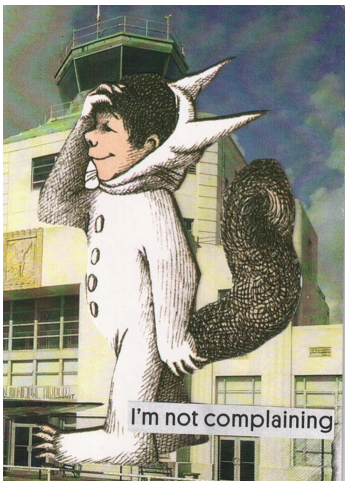

You must treat
the days respectfully,
you must be a day yourself,
and not interrogate
it like a college professor.

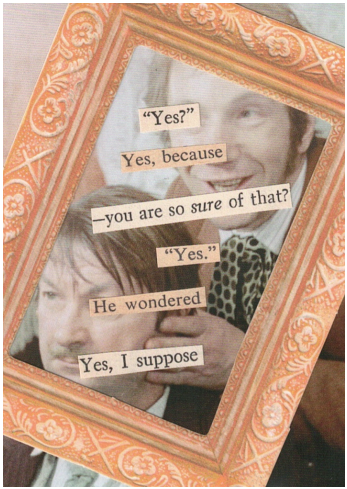
ECCE SIGNUM SALUTIS
SALUS IN PERICULIS
What's a perfect day?
I'd wake up whenever I want, drink some tea, eat two clementines, and take a long walk under a blue sky.

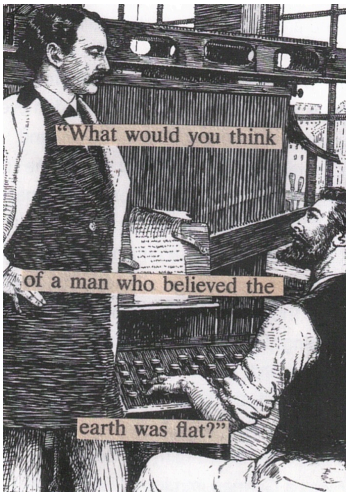

pontificate on the problems,
don't smile!
GRUMPY

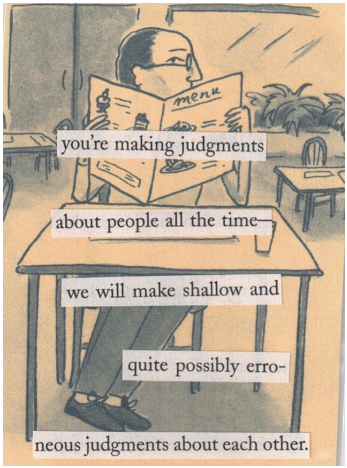

would they take my word about it?
It's a complete mystery.
It's extraordinary what people *will* believe.
He laughed again, still uneasily.

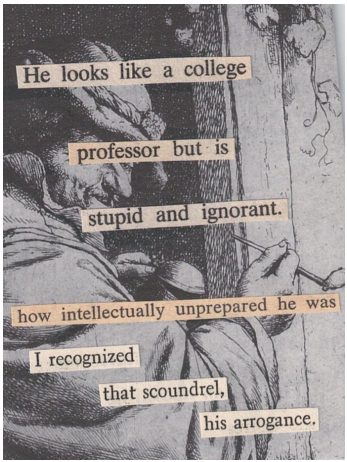

"Who the hell does he think he is?"
he knew he was a fool. Yet
he could not find a way to
be a different man.
without embarrassing himself.

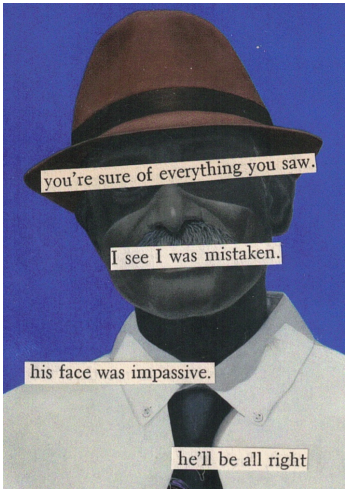

I'm not complaining.

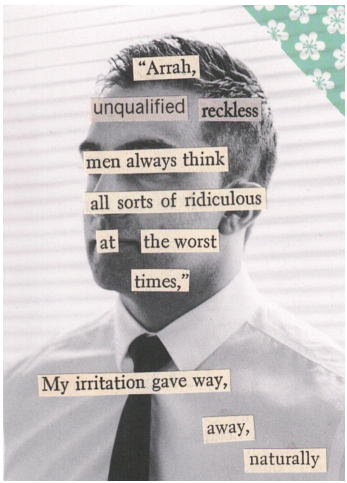

"Yes?"
Yes, because
—you are so *sure* of that?
"Yes."
He wondered
Yes, I suppose

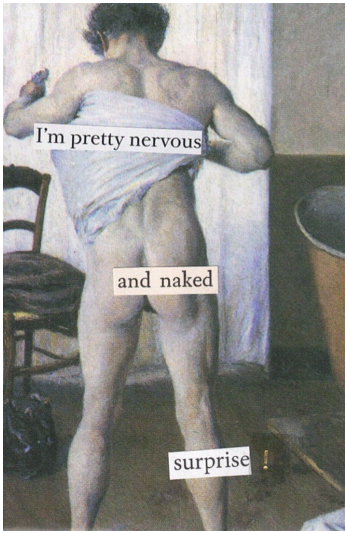

"What would you think
of a man who believed the
earth was flat?"


menu
you're making judgments
about people all the time—
we will make shallow and
quite possibly erro-
neous judgments about each other.


He looks like a college
professor but is
stupid and ignorant.
how intellectually unprepared he was
I recognized
that scoundrel,
his arrogance.


you're sure of everything you saw.
I see I was mistaken.
his face was impassive.
he'll be all right


"Arrah,
unqualified
reckless
men always think
all sorts of ridiculous
at
the worst
times,"
My irritation gave way,
away,
naturally



this anthology is dedicated to
all the single ladies

PUBLIC DOMAIN

COPYLEFT - ALL WRONGS REVERSED